

To Love No One

by borgbabe

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Summary: This is the story of Eshe, the many faced gods chosen daughter. There is like no Jagen stories so I felt there needed to be.

1. Chapter 1

Endless rows of candles lit her place of worship, faces plastered the wall and the moon lit her faith. Her unworldly face veiled by black lace, her body dressed in the purest of white. She knelt at the alter, black velvet cushions giving her knees comfort allowing conversations to commence without haste.

Her God always kept a watchful eye, she was his favourite after all. When he had first met her, she was a small girl with wild dark curls and pale sand hued skin with rosy cheeks.

He didn't expect her to recognize him and if she did then fear was expected however, she did and she wasn't. He was a god of many faces but the one most well known was the one he sported. Strong jawed, raven hair that fell to broad shoulders and eyes the colour of rich, scarlet blood. He stood almost twice the height of any mortal with a frame stronger than 10 men. He wore armour darker than the night sky with details of intricate iron skulls wrapped around his muscular shoulders, arms and chest. The small girl ran up to him with a garland of sea oats and daylilies in her tiny hands and offered them, a sweet smile on her lips. He knelt down to accept the token with a large hand and he spoke to her in a voice to deep and hoarse that it may induce nightmares to any with ears.

"_You do not fear me girl?" The God rumbled. _

_She shook her lovely head. _

_The God of Death had been truly touched by her fearless and genuine kindness that he decided that day, she would be his messenger. She would deliver names and orders to his priests and chosen children,

the Faceless Men. _

'Ermon of Pentos, Gorosh the coinkeeper, Zaella the emerald whore of Myr.'

A string of names he spoke to the young woman, names of liars, murders and cheaters of death. Though there were many names and souls offered and accepted by him daily, these were orders to pass onto the guild.

Rarely did he show himself now that she was grown and in control of the powers he bestowed upon the sweet girl of five, 18 years before. She could see his face, the image clear in her mind as he spoke and she obeyed.

' Anything else my lord?' She replied without moving her lips.

The god decided that his sweet chosen child had done enough for him. The many-faced god wished to see his greatly loved subject rewarded for her years of service. It was hard on the girl, to whisper names he passed down. The knowledge that her very breath in the ears of faceless men troubled her mind. She loved her god and she willingly served him regardless of the sorrow and heartache it caused.

'You will marry now, sweet girl. You will make beautiful girls and strong boys.'

She was taken aback by his demand and wondered in earnest if he jested her.

"My Lord." she whispered outside of her vision.

Death smiled and disappeared from sight.

The chosen maiden known as Eshe knelt stunned with words soft on her lips. "Valar Morghulis."

She placed a bundle of sea oats and day lillies on the alter and moved from the room, the clinking sound her cascading chain necklaces notified the young girl outside the place of worship.

Eshe smiled warmly.

"I'm sorry if my worship left you waiting. My God had many things to tell me."

The girl stared up with steely blue eyes.

"What kind of things?" She asked.

A natural question from any wishing to learn, or curious as to why.

" He gives me names, orders to pass on and blessings. Sometimes he imparts wisdom and sometimes he just seeks my company. I know your questions are many Arya and you will have every answer you seek, that I can assure you."

The Stark girl's body visibly relaxed. She was beginning to learn the concept of patience, not that she would ever fully grasp it. A

beheaded father, a murdered brother and mother, a crippled and lost brother, captive sister and a travelling companion that would now be all but bones. She wanted vengeance and control of what happened to her, but that indeed took time. Her eyes portrayed a stoney vengeance and her heart often longed to see them. She must move now, forever onwards.

"Come now young wolf, I crave tea and company."

Eshe led the way back to her apartments.

2. Chapter 2

**Thanks for reading. I own nothing other than my OCs. **

Eshe had been so kind to Arya since her arrival to the House of Black and White. She was the only one, it seemed that didn't speak in riddles. Though she cared not to admit it, the company of another female after so long without such privileges. It brought her a sense of comfort she hadn't felt in so long and The Waif was hardly good company.

Their first meeting had been only four days prior, in the stone courtyard facing the narrow sea. Eshe stood at a grand, wooden table. Her rich, silken purple gown blew softly, kissed by the gentle breeze. Her long dark curls were loose and wild.

The young wolf swallowed whatever fear she had, new meetings had not gone so swimmingly as of late but she didn't wish to be completely alone all the time. Jagen, or_ no one _(as he corrected) was hardly considered warm, he was confusing the way he spoke and offered little (if any) comfort to the girl. After all that way she came, he greeted her gruffly and showed her to quarters. She had been mopping and scrubbing ever since.

But Eshe, she was the only light in this drab place with cold worshipers, alchemists, healers and faceless men.

"Greetings."

The dark haired, young woman was the first to speak, without even turning. 'Seven hells, I'm yards away' Arya mused to herself wishfully thinking this woman was perhaps a great assassin or warrior.

"Hello."

She replied, almost sheepish in tone.

The woman opened a cloth to expose a set of intricate knives, each one more beautiful than the last. Their hilts golden with eccentric black stones and valyrian carvings instinctively gripped the hilt of needle.

"I'm not going to harm you."

The woman finally turned, she was strikingly beautiful, even to someone like Arya, who cared nothing for vanity. She smiled a full lipped grin at the younger girl.

"But you could, if you wanted to?" Arya asked, intrigued.

"Yes, I could. I could have you dead before you cared to blink but, this is not my profession. I'm sorry to disappoint you young Arya."

So she wasn't an assassin, that was disappointing-wait, how did she know her name?

As if reading the young wolf's mind she spoke up.

"We have a mutual acquaintance, little wolf."

"Jaen H'ghar" She almost whispered.

"That is a name he has once used."

The exotic woman smiled and began to sharpen the glinting blades on a rough stone.

"The face you met is the one he was very much born with, he uses it as he sees fit. But, he is no one as all the faceless men are. He could very well be that old man over there." She pointed to the left corner.

Arya turned to see a balding man, his belly protruding from his otherwise languid body clad in burlap robes. His grey eyes were casting a weary glance at the Stark girl.

"He could be me."

The northerner stared with furrowed brows, confused and attempting to read the straight faced expression of the exotic woman.

"He could be that tabby."

A ginger cat leaped from pillar to pillar and the woman choked on a giggle when Arya burst out laughing for the first time in a long while. They received cautious glances from a few passing servants and masters but it seemed, once they saw Eshe their eyes cast downwards. Their expressions were apologetic and they raced back towards their duties.

It was noted by Arya that this woman must be a lady, or someone of extreme importance. Although, the way she sharpened blades would point the evidence in the direction of someone very deadly.

"I am called Eshe and we require no formalities I assure you."

Her smile was sincere and Arya was relieved by her introduction. She noted the way she carved and cleaned the knives. She was precise, eyeing every inch of the cool pointed metal and bettering its bite.

"Why are they afraid of you?"

Arya wasn't going to sit idly whilst the question burned her tongue.

With a sigh, Eshe wiped the blade with a embroidered silken kerchief and prepared to answer.

"It's not me they're afraid of, it's their own fate, should any ill will befall me on their behalf."

She gazed the young wolf with amber eyes, attempting to convey without words and the girl did not disappoint. Arya nodded and sat with the woman, suddenly aware of her charge in this world.

"You and Jaqen, or_ no one_." The wolf corrected.

Eshe nodded.

That was half of the story at least, the other was that Eshe was well favored by the Many-faced god, he often spoke to her, conveying his desires and articulating names that must be etched out. Names she was tasked with passing them onto his favored sons, like 'Jaqen.'

" So you're like, his wife? Can he even love?"

"Wife, no. Perhaps consort is a term you are familiar with. And, it is a terrible business to love _no one_, I should not recommend it."

Her eyes conveyed a form of emptiness the Stark girl knew far too well.

Even consort seemed to formal of a title. She was a vessel for inspiration, the one possession their god allowed for his favourite son. The man was rewarded her love and body after spending his soul life devoted to the God because it made him a better servant and killer. His path however, left Eshe in a heartbreaking position given his hand in this life. Even though he was the God of Deaths most beloved of his son, his life could not be fully foreboded, even by a god.

His job and livelihood required a certain amount of danger and skill which he had of course but sometimes, the doomed fought back. Eshe was quite grateful to this little wolf now in her presence. It was to her she owed the sparing of an agonizing eternity, lost and loveless. 'Jaqen' was still a faceless man, he could not return her unwavering affection in the manner a free man could.

'Jaqen' often brought home with him an insatiable lust and tales of his travels. He spoke of a mission gone awry from the mistake of one foolish brother. He had been imprisoned in the Red Keep, surrounded by rapists, murderers and thieves with unsavory accents. He spoke of the small wolf with many names on her list. He had claimed as he poured another goblet of sweet summer wine. 'I imagined you to be this way as a young girl, only you must have been more clean and less stubborn.'

It was a fair assumption that his spirited lady had been so, even as a child. Eshe was indeed a wild little thing, much like Arya only, she loved gowns and pretty things. She also enjoyed sparring and playing games in those beautiful pieces which, often earned a smack from her mother upon her return home in sullied silks and cottons.

She had learned the art of swordplay from her doting father, a wealthy retired sell sword they called Adan Sand. Eshe often dreamed of becoming a knight or Sell sword like her father, commanding a legion of her own. But as she grew older, her faith became stronger and her God began to speak with her more and more. Eshe then thought of perhaps becoming a priestess but the many faced god had told her such endeavors would be useless as he already favors her company and worship. It was her heart that was warranted in this life.

Ever since their meeting, Arya had spent much of her days following Eshe about as no one had given her any instructions so far, other than sweeping and scrubbing. 'Jagen, was no where to be found, off and away on work.

It was late into the evening, Arya had begun to open herself to Eshe for she felt safe in her presence. She spoke with great excitement about her brother Jon and how needle came to be. She then began to recall her meeting Jagen and how odd he seemed, always speaking in odd tongues. Eshe could only laugh and recall the first time she met her 'lover'.

It was an eve ten years before, Eshe was fifteen and quite new within the realm of womanhood. She had worn a more shapely gown on the advice of her mother to accentuate her inherited curves. It was Braavosi nature to be unashamed of ones body and she embraced rounded hips and full breasts with great pride.

She and her two best friends had crept away from the new moon festivities, intent on guzzling wine skins and giggling with some young soldiers that caught their graces.

Shari, the fairest skinned and lightest eyed of the three hooked her arms with the other two. She was the more seasoned of the girls as well, losing her chastity to a visiting Dornish lord not a month prior.

"Come now Eshe, you seem troubled." she teased.

"I am not troubled, I only.." She paused, shrugging it off, her friends would only jest further if she insisted on her reasoning.

—

"What?"

It was Zeyari that spoke up this moment. Her skin like cocoa and eyes the color of emeralds, she was so very beautiful and so fully aware of it.

She absentmindedly twirled the golden spirals of her hair whilst staring at her best friend, taping a foot impatiently.

"I forgot to grab my skin. You two go on ahead and I'll meet you."

—

It was a quick lie, but a believable one.

Both girls outwardly groaned and pouted but eventually carried on down the path, giggling and drinking.

Eshe breathed a deep sigh of relief and carried on down a similar

but separate path towards the sea. She hoisted her gown to make her light step much more effortless. The silk felt so smooth under her palms, the sage and gold had been a choice from her mother whom, had stated it brought out the color of her eyes. _

She shivered and wished she had been wise to bring her cloak, for the moon and the sea had cast a chilling wind this eve.

_It was no matter, she was peaceful in her thoughts. _

_She closed her eyes and listened to the crashing of waves, the howl of the winds and the songs of birds unaware of the time. It was times such as this that Her God spoke to her and this time he simply requested that she open her eyes. _

Molten gold collided with eyes the color of crashing waves.

_A stranger, a beautiful one at that. It was a peculiar thought for a man to be beautiful but, he was. His face was pleasantly carved and masculine set with a curious gaze that almost hinted at lustful as it strayed to her form and settled on her eyes once more. _

She went to feel for her dagger but it was as if he sensed her habitual reaction.

His hand went up, urging her movement to cease.

"_The man would not dare harm the young woman."_

His voice was rich and smooth.

"_But you could very well kill me, couldn't you?" She asked. _

He was close, so close she could smell the leather of his tunic and spicy musk of his skin.

The man made no attempt to place any distance between them. His eyebrow was quirked and his lips curled halfway between a smirk and grin.

"_If the man wanted to hurt the beautiful woman, Then the man would have killed her before she could so much as blink. The man would not deprive the world of such a sight."_

Her rounded cheeks flushed and she was unable to find a response and instead drew her gaze towards the moon.

"_Tell me, why do you leave your friends to spend your night gazing at the stars. Does the Beauty not know the dangers that lurk in the shadows?"_

Eshe turned her head.

"_Does the handsome stranger pose a threat?"_

_He smiled then. _

"_He does not."_

"_That is well then, I do not fear the night, nor the dangers that

could harm. My god keeps me safe and, I carry Valyrian steel and know well how to use it." _

_She smiled cheekily over her shoulder as she found a seat on a stone bench. _

The man did not sit, instead he leaned his tall frame against an adjacent boulder so as to gather his surroundings and regard the beauty.

"_So the enchantress does not fear danger. And what of death?"_

She smiled.

"_How would she fear her God? It would make our conversations quite impossible."_

He smiled a knowing grin.

"_You are Eshe then." _

_It wasn't placed in the form of a question. _

The statement caught her off guard.

"_You know of a livelihood I was unaware of. I do not know your name sir."_

_Her voice was somewhat winded from being caught off guard. _

"_The Many-faced God speaks of you to one of our priests. Of Eshe, the young woman more beautiful than any muse. With a soft heart and eyes of gold. Is this man fortunate enough to be standing in her presence?"_

The man spoke of an old priest, one that she would come to replace when it came to delivering their Gods messages.

_She smiled, flushed and flustered. _

"_I would not call it fortune, you flatter me." _

" _The man does not flatter, he speaks only truth."_

"_Does the man have a name?" _

" _He has many names, many faces but for Eshe, he has this face. The one he was born with and the name of Jaqen H'ghar, if she so chooses to regard him as such. If not, he is simply, the man."_

It was as if her thoughts contained all the magic in the world, at it was the voice that she longed to hear that pulled her from them.

"Does the girl badger the Lady?"

End
file.